

Therefore to us seems it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure; and, in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best moving fair solicitor.
 Tell him, the daughter of the king of *France*,
 On serious business, craving quick despatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his grace.
 Hasten, signify so much; while we attend,
 Like humblevisag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vowfellows with this virtuous king?

Lord. *Longaville* is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Lord. I knew him, madam, at a marriage-feast,
 Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
 Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* solemnized.

Mar. In *Normandy* saw I this *Longaville*;
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
 Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms;
 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
 The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil)
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
 It should spare none that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such shortliv'd wits do wither as they grow.
 Who are the rest?

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a wellaccomplish'd youth,
 Of all, that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
 Most powerful to do harm, least knowing ill;
 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And